



DUKE  
UNIVERSITY  
LIBRARY

*Treasure Room*

GIFT OF  
Class of 1913



Alfred A. Johnston.





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2012 with funding from  
Duke University Libraries

<http://archive.org/details/donjuan05byro>

# DON JUAN.

## CANTOS XV. AND XVI.

---

“Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale?”—“Yes, by St. Anne; and Ginger shall be hot i’ the mouth too!”—*Twelfth Night, or What you Will.*

SHAKSPEARE.

---

LONDON, 1824:

PRINTED FOR JOHN AND H. L. HUNT,

TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. H. REYNELL, BROAD STREET, GOLDEN SQUARE.

**DON JUAN.**

**CANTO XV.**

1870

27-11-10 2010

1870

*[Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*



# DON JUAN.

---

## CANTO XV.

---

### I.

AH!—What should follow slips from my reflection :

Whatever follows ne'ertheless may be

As àpropos of hope or retrospection,

As though the lurking thought had follow'd free.

All present life is but an Interjection,

An " Oh ! " or " Ah ! " of joy or misery,

Or a " Ha ! ha ! " or " Bah ! "—a yawn, or " Pooh ! "

Of which perhaps the latter is most true.

## II.

But, more or less, the whole's a syncopé  
Or a singultus—emblems of Emotion,  
The grand Antithesis to great Ennui,  
Wherewith we break our bubbles on the ocean,  
That Watery Outline of Eternity,  
Or miniature at least, as is my notion,  
Which ministers unto the soul's delight,  
In seeing matters which are out of sight.

## III.

But all are better than the sigh suppress,  
Corroding in the cavern of the heart,  
Making the countenance a masque of rest,  
And turning human nature to an art.  
Few men dare show their thoughts of worst or best;  
Dissimulation always sets apart  
A corner for herself; and therefore Fiction  
Is that which passes with least contradiction.

## IV.

Ah! who can tell? Or rather, who can not

Remember, without telling, passion's errors?

The drainer of oblivion, even the sot,

Hath got blue devils for his morning mirrors:

What though on Lethe's stream he seem to float,

He cannot sink his tremors or his terrors;

The ruby glass that shakes within his hand,

Leaves a sad sediment of Time's worst sand.

## V.

And as for Love—Oh, Love!—We will proceed.

The Lady Adeline Amundeville,

A pretty name as one would wish to read,

Must perch harmonious on my tuneful quill.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;

There's music in the gushing of a rill;

There's music in all things, if men had ears:

Their Earth is but an echo of the spheres.

## VI.

The Lady Adeline, right honourable,  
And honour'd, ran a risk of growing less so ;  
For few of the soft sex are very stable  
In their resolves—alas ! that I should say so !  
They differ as wine differs from its label,  
When once decanted ;—I presume to guess so,  
But will not swear : yet both upon occasion,  
Till old, may undergo adulteration.

## VII.

But Adeline was of the purest vintage,  
The unmingled essence of the grape ; and yet  
Bright as a new Napoleon from its mintage,  
Or glorious as a diamond richly set ;  
A page where Time should hesitate to print age,  
And for which Nature might forego her debt—  
Sole creditor whose process doth involve in't  
The luck of finding every body solvent.

## VIII.

Oh, Death! thou dunnest of all duns! thou daily  
Knockest at doors, at first with modest tap,  
Like a meek tradesman when approaching palely  
Some splendid debtor he would take by sap :  
But oft denied, as patience 'gins to fail, he  
Advances with exasperated rap,  
And (if let in) insists, in terms unhandsome,  
On ready money or a draft on Ransom.

## IX.

Whate'er thou takest, spare awhile poor Beauty!  
She is so rare, and thou hast so much prey.  
What though she now and then may slip from duty,  
The more's the reason why you ought to stay.  
Gaunt Gourmand! with whole nations for your booty,  
You should be civil in a modest way :  
Suppress then some slight feminine diseases,  
And take as many heroes as Heaven pleases.

## X.

Fair Adeline, the more ingenuous

Where she was interested (as was said)

Because she was not apt, like some of us,

To like too readily, or too high bred

To show it—(points we need not now discuss)—

Would give up artlessly both heart and head

Unto such feelings as seem'd innocent,

For objects worthy of the sentiment.

## XI.

Some parts of Juan's history, which Rumour,

That live Gazette, had scatter'd to disfigure,

She had heard; but women hear with more good humour

Such aberrations than we men of rigour.

Besides, his conduct, since in England, grew more

Strict, and his mind assumed a manlier vigour;

Because he had, like Alcibiades,

The art of living in all climes with ease.

## XII.

His manner was perhaps the more seductive,  
Because he ne'er seem'd anxious to seduce;  
Nothing affected, studied, or constructive  
Of coxcombry or conquest: no abuse  
Of his attractions marr'd the fair perspective,  
To indicate a Cupidon broke loose,  
And seem to say, "resist us if you can"—  
Which makes a dandy while it spoils a man.

## XIII.

They are wrong—that's not the way to set about it;  
As, if they told the truth, could well be shown.  
But right or wrong, Don Juan was without it;  
In fact, his manner was his own alone:  
Sincere he was—at least you could not doubt it,  
In listening merely to his voice's tone.  
The Devil hath not in all his quiver's choice  
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

## XIV.

By Nature soft, his whole address held off  
Suspicion: though not timid, his regard  
Was such as rather seem'd to keep aloof,  
To shield himself, than put you on your guard:  
Perhaps 'twas hardly quite assured enough,  
But Modesty's at times its own reward,  
Like Virtue; and the absence of pretension  
Will go much further than there's need to mention.

## XV.

Serene, accomplish'd, cheerful but not loud;  
Insinuating without insinuation;  
Observant of the foibles of the crowd,  
Yet ne'er betraying this in conversation;  
Proud with the proud, yet courteously proud,  
So as to make them feel he knew his station  
And theirs:—without a struggle for priority,  
He neither brook'd nor claim'd superiority.



## XVI.

That is, with men: with women he was what  
They pleased to make or take him for; and their  
Imagination's quite enough for that:  
So that the outline's tolerably fair,  
They fill the canvass up—and "verbum sat."  
If once their phantasies be brought to bear  
Upon an object, whether sad or playful,  
They can transfigure brighter than a Raphael.

## XVII.

A deline, nodeep judge of character,  
Was apt to add a colouring from her own.  
'Tis thus the good will amiably err,  
And eke the wise, as has been often shown.  
Experience is the chief philosopher,  
But saddest when his science is well known:  
And persecuted sages teach the schools  
Their folly in forgetting there are fools.

## XVIII.

Was it not so, great Locke? and greater Bacon?

Great Socrates? And thou Diviner still, (1)

Whose lot it is by man to be mistaken,

And thy pure creed made sanction of all ill?

Redeeming worlds to be by bigots shaken,

How was thy toil rewarded? We might fill

Volumes with similar sad illustrations,

But leave them to the conscience of the nations.

## XIX.

I perch upon an humbler promontory,

Amidst life's infinite variety:

With no great care for what is nicknamed glory,

But speculating as I cast mine eye

On what may suit or may not suit my story,

And never straining hard to versify,

I rattle on exactly as I'd talk

With any body in a ride or walk.

## XX.

I don't know that there may be much ability  
Shown in this sort of desultory rhyme ;  
But there's a conversational facility,  
Which may round off an hour upon a time.  
Of this I'm sure at least, there's no servility  
In mine irregularity of chime,  
Which rings what's uppermost of new or hoary,  
Just as I feel the " Improvisatore."

## XXI.

" Omnia vult *belle* Matho dicere—dic aliquando  
" Et *bene*, dic *neutrum*, dic aliquando *male*."  
The first is rather more than mortal can do ;  
The second may be sadly done or gaily ;  
The third is still more difficult to stand to ;  
The fourth we hear, and see, and say too, daily :  
The whole together is what I could wish  
To serve in this conundrum of a dish.

## XXII.

A modest hope—but modesty's my forte,

And pride my feeble :—let us ramble on.

I meant to make this poem very short,

But now I can't tell where it may not run.

No doubt, if I had wish'd to pay my court

To critics, or to hail the *setting* sun

Of tyranny of all kinds, my concision

Were more ;—but I was born for opposition.

## XXIII.

But then 'tis mostly on the weaker side :

So that I verily believe if they

Who now are basking in their full-blown pride,

Were shaken down, and “ dogs had had their day,”

Though at the first I might perchance deride

Their tumble, I should turn the other way,

And wax an Ultra-royalist in loyalty,

Because I hate even democratic royalty.

## XXIV.

I think I should have made a decent spouse,  
If I had never proved the soft condition ;  
I think I should have made monastic vows,  
But for my own peculiar superstition :  
'Gainst rhyme I never should have knock'd my brows,  
Nor broken my own head, nor that of Priscian,  
Nor worn the motley mantle of a poet,  
If some one had not told me to forego it.

## XXV.

But " laissez aller"—knights and dames I sing,  
Such as the times may furnish. 'Tis a flight  
Which seems at first to need no lofty wing,  
Plumed by Longinus or the Stagyrte :  
The difficulty lies in colouring  
(Keeping the due proportions still in sight)  
With Nature manners which are artificial,  
And rend'ring general that which is especial.

## XXVI.

The difference is, that in the days of old  
Men made the manners ; manners now make men—  
Pinned like a flock, and fleeced too in their fold,  
At least nine, and a ninth beside of ten.  
Now this at all events must render cold  
Your writers, who must either draw again  
Days better drawn before, or else assume  
The present, with their common-place costume.

## XXVII.

We'll do our best to make the best on't :—March !  
March, my Muse ! If you cannot fly, yet flutter ;  
And when you may not be sublime, be arch,  
Or starch, as are the edicts statesmen utter.  
We surely shall find something worth research :  
Columbus found a new world in a cutter,  
Or brigantine, or pink, of no great tonnage,  
While yet America was in her non-age.

## XXVIII.

When Adeline, in all her growing sense  
Of Juan's merits and his situation,  
Felt on the whole an interest intense—  
Partly perhaps because a fresh sensation,  
Or that he had an air of innocence,  
Which is for innocence a sad temptation,—  
As women hate half measures, on the whole,  
She 'gan to ponder how to save his soul.

## XXIX.

She had a good opinion of advice,  
Like all who give and eke receive it gratis,  
For which small thanks are still the market price,  
Even where the article at highest rate is.  
She thought upon the subject twice or thrice,  
And morally decided, the best state is  
For morals, marriage; and this question carried,  
She seriously advised him to get married.

## XXX.

Juan replied, with all becoming deference,  
He had a predilection for that tie ;  
But that at present, with immediate reference  
To his own circumstances, there might lie  
Some difficulties, as in his own preference,  
Or that of her to whom he might apply ;  
That still he'd wed with such or such a lady,  
If that they were not married all already.

## XXXI.

Next to the making matches for herself,  
And daughters, brothers, sisters, kith or kin,  
Arranging them like books on the same shelf,  
There's nothing women love to dabble in  
More (like a stock-holder in growing pelf)  
Than match-making in general : 'tis no sin  
Certes, but a preventative, and therefore  
That is, no doubt, the only reason wherefore.



## XXXII.

But never yet (except of course a miss  
Unwed, or mistress never to be wed,  
Or wed already, who object to this)  
Was there chaste dame who had not in her head  
Some drama of the marriage unities,  
Observed as strictly both at board and bed,  
As those of Aristotle, though sometimes  
They turn out melodrames or pantomimes.

## XXXIII.

They generally have some only son,  
Some heir to a large property, some friend  
Of an old family, some gay Sir John,  
Or grave Lord George, with whom perhaps might end  
A line, and leave posterity undone,  
Unless a marriage was applied to mend  
The prospect and their morals : and besides,  
They have at hand a blooming glut of brides.

## XXXIV.

From these they will be careful to select,  
 For this an heiress, and for that a beauty;  
 For one a songstress who hath no defect,  
 For t'other one who promises much duty;  
 For this a lady no one can reject,  
 Whose sole accomplishments were quite a booty;  
 A second for her excellent connexions;  
 A third, because there can be no objections.

## XXXV.

When Rapp the Harmonist embargoed marriage (2)  
 In his harmonious settlement—(which flourishes  
 Strangely enough as yet without miscarriage,  
 Because it breeds no more mouths than it nourishes,  
 Without those sad expenses which disparage  
 What Nature naturally most encourages)—  
 Why call'd he “Harmony” a state sans wedlock?  
 Now here I have got the preacher at a dead lock.

## XXXVI.

Because he either meant to sneer at harmony  
Or marriage, by divorcing them thus oddly.  
But whether reverend Rapp learn'd this in Germany  
Or no, 'tis said his sect is rich and godly,  
Pious and pure, beyond what I can term any  
Of ours, although they propagate more broadly.  
My objection's to his title, not his ritual,  
Although I wonder how it grew habitual.

## XXXVII.

But Rapp is the reverse of zealous matrons,  
Who favour, malgré Malthus, generation—  
Professors of that genial art, and patrons  
Of all the modest part of propagation,  
Which after all at such a desperate rate runs,  
That half its produce tends to emigration,  
That sad result of passions and potatoes—  
Two weeds which pose our economic Catos.

## XXXVIII.

Had Adeline read Malthus? I can't tell;

I wish she had: his book's the eleventh commandment,  
Which says, "thou shalt not marry," unless *well*:

This he (as far as I can understand) meant:

'Tis not my purpose on his views to dwell,

Nor canvass what "so eminent a hand" meant; (<sup>3</sup>)  
But certes it conducts to lives ascetic,  
Or turning marriage into arithmetic.

## XXXIX.

But Adeline, who probably presumed

That Juan had enough of maintenance,

Or *separate* maintenance, in case 'twas doom'd—

As on the whole it is an even chance.

That bridegrooms, after they are fairly *groom'd*,

May retrograde a little in the dance

Of marriage—(which might form a painter's fame,

Like Holbein's "Dance of Death"—but 'tis the same);—

## XL.

But Adeline determined Juan's wedding

In her own mind, and that's enough for woman.

But then, with whom? There was the sage Miss Reading,

Miss Raw, Miss Flaw, Miss Showman, and Miss

Knowman,

And the two fair co-heiresses Giltbedding.

She deemed his merits something more than common:

All these were unobjectionable matches,

And might go on, if well wound up, like watches.

## XLI.

There was Miss Millpond, smooth as summer's sea,

That usual paragon, an only daughter,

Who seem'd the cream of equanimity,

Till skimm'd—and then there was some milk and water,

With a slight shade of Blue too it might be,

Beneath the surface; but what did it matter?

Love's riotous, but marriage should have quiet,

And being consumptive, live on a milk diet.

## XLII.

And then there was the Miss Audacia Shoestring,  
A dashing demoiselle of good estate,  
Whose heart was fix'd upon a star or bluestring;  
But whether English Dukes grew rare of late,  
Or that she had not harp'd upon the true string,  
By which such sirens can attract our great,  
She took up with some foreign younger brother,  
A Russ or Turk—the one's as good as t'other.

## XLIII.

And then there was—but why should I go on,  
Unless the ladies should go off?—there was  
Indeed a certain fair and fairy one,  
Of the best class, and better than her class,—  
Aurora Raby, a young star who shone  
O'er life, too sweet an image for such glass,  
A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded,  
A Rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded;

## XLIV.

Rich, noble, but an orphan ; left an only  
Child to the care of guardians good and kind ;  
But still her aspect had an air so lonely !  
Blood is not water ; and where shall we find  
Feelings of youth like those which overthrown lie  
By death, when we are left, alas ! behind,  
To feel, in friendless palaces, a home  
Is wanting, and our best ties in the tomb ?

## XLV.

Early in years, and yet more infantine  
In figure, she had something of sublime  
In eyes which sadly shone, as seraphs' shine.  
All youth—but with an aspect beyond time ;  
Radiant and grave—as pitying man's decline ;  
Mournful—but mournful of another's crime,  
She look'd as if she sat by Eden's door,  
And grieved for those who could return no more.

## XLVI.

She was a Catholic too, sincere, austere,  
As far as her own gentle heart allow'd,  
And deem'd that fallen worship far more dear  
Perhaps because 'twas fallen : her sires were proud  
Of deeds and days when they had fill'd the ear  
Of nations, and had never bent or bow'd  
To novel power ; and as she was the last,  
She held their old faith and old feelings fast.

## XLVII.

She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew  
As seeking not to know it ; silent, lone,  
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,  
And kept her heart serene within its zone.  
There was awe in the homage which she drew ;  
Her spirit seem'd as seated on a throne  
Apart from the surrounding world, and strong  
In its own strength—most strange in one so young !



## XLVIII.

Now it so happen'd, in the catalogue  
Of Adeline, Aurora was omitted,  
Although her birth and wealth had given her vogue  
Beyond the charmers we have already cited ;  
Her beauty also seem'd to form no clog  
Against her being mention'd as well fitted,  
By many virtues, to be worth the trouble  
Of single gentlemen who would be double.

## XLIX.

And this omission, like that of the bust  
Of Brutus at the pageant of Tiberius,  
Made Juan wonder, as no doubt he must.  
This he express'd half smiling and half serious ;  
When Adeline replied with some disgust,  
And with an air, to say the least, imperious,  
She marvell'd " what he saw in such a baby  
" As that prim, silent, cold Aurora Raby ?"

## L.

Juan rejoined—" She was a Catholic,  
    " And therefore fittest, as of his persuasion ;  
" Since he was sure his mother would fall sick,  
    " And the Pope thunder excommunication,  
" If——" But here Adeline, who seem'd to pique  
    Herself extremely on the inoculation  
Of others with her own opinions, stated—  
As usual—the same reason which she late did.

## LI.

And wherefore not ? A reasonable reason,  
    If good, is none the worse for repetition ;  
If bad, the best way's certainly to tease on  
    And amplify : you lose much by concision,  
Whereas insisting in or out of season  
    Convinces all men, even a politician ;  
Or—what is just the same—it wearies out.  
So the end's gain'd, what signifies the route ?

## LII.

*Why* Adeline had this slight prejudice—

For prejudice it was—against a creature

As pure as sanctity itself from vice,

With all the added charm of form and feature,

For me appears a question far too nice,

Since Adeline was liberal by Nature ;

But Nature's Nature, and has more caprices

Than I have time, or will, to take to pieces.

## LIII.

Perhaps she did not like the quiet way

With which Aurora on those baubles look'd,

Which charm most people in their earlier day :

For there are few things by mankind less brook'd,

And womankind too, if we so may say,

Than finding thus their genius stand rebuked,

Like "Anthony's by Cæsar," by the few

Who look upon them as they ought to do.

## LIV.

It was not envy—Adeline had none ;

Her place was far beyond it, and her mind.

It was not scorn—which could not light on one

Whose greatest *fault* was leaving few to find.

It was not jealousy, I think : but shun

Following the “ *Ignes Fatui*” of mankind.

It was not——but 'tis easier far, alas !

To say what it was not, than what it was.

## LV.

Little Aurora deem'd she was the theme

Of such discussion. She was there a guest,

A beauteous ripple of the brilliant stream

Of rank and youth, though purer than the rest,

Which flow'd on for a moment in the beam

Time sheds a moment o'er each sparkling crest.

Had she known this, she would have calmly smiled—

She had so much, or little, of the child.

## LVI.

The dashing and proud air of Adeline  
Imposed not upon her : she saw her blaze  
Much as she would have seen a glowworm shine,  
Then turn'd unto the stars for loftier rays.  
Juan was something she could not divine,  
Being no Sibyl in the new world's ways ;  
Yet she was nothing dazzled by the meteor,  
Because she did not pin her faith on feature.

## LVII.

His fame too,—for he had that kind of fame  
Which sometimes plays the deuce with womankind,  
A heterogeneous mass of glorious blame,  
Half virtues and whole vices being combined ;  
Faults which attract because they are not tame ;  
Follies trick'd out so brightly that they blind :—  
These seals upon her wax made no impression,  
Such was her coldness or her self-possession.

## LVIII.

Juan knew nought of such a character—

High, yet resembling not his lost Haidée ;

Yet each was radiant in her proper sphere :

The Island girl, bred up by the lone sea,

More warm, as lovely, and not less sincere,

Was Nature's all : Aurora could not be

Nor would be thus ;—the difference in them

Was such as lies between a flower and gem.

## LIX.

Having wound up with this sublime comparison,

Methinks we may proceed upon our narrative,

And, as my friend Scott says, “ I sound my Warison ;”

Scott, the superlative of my comparative—

Scott, who can paint your Christian knight or Saracen,

Serf, Lord, Man, with such skill as none would share

it, if

There had not been one Shakespeare and Voltaire,

Of one or both of whom he seems the heir.

## LX.

I say, in my slight way I may proceed  
To play upon the surface of Humanity.  
I write the world, nor care if the world read,  
At least for this I cannot spare its vanity.  
My Muse hath bred, and still perhaps may breed  
More foes by this same scroll: when I began it, I  
Thought that it might turn out so—*now* I *know* it,  
But still I am, or was, a pretty poet.

## LXI.

The conference or congress (for it ended  
As congresses of late do) of the Lady  
Adeline and Don Juan rather blended  
Some acids with the sweets—for she was heady;  
But, ere the matter could be marr'd or mended,  
The silvery bell rung, not for “dinner ready,”  
But for that hour, called *half-hour*, given to dress,  
Though ladies' robes seem scant enough for less.

## LXII.

Great things were now to be achieved at table,  
 With massy plate for armour, knives and forks  
 For weapons ; but what Muse since Homer's able  
 (His feasts are not the worst part of his works)  
 To draw up in array a single day-bill  
 Of modern dinners ? where more mystery lurks  
 In soups or sauces, or a sole ragoût,  
 Than witches, b—ches, or physicians brew.

## LXIII.

There was a goodly “ *soupe à la bonne femme,*”  
 Though God knows whence it came from ; there was too  
 A turbot for relief of those who cram,  
 Relieved with dindon à la Parigeux ;  
 There also was—the sinner that I am !  
 How shall I get this gourmand stanza through ?—  
 Soupe à la Beauveau, whose relief was Dory,  
 Relieved itself by pork, for greater glory.



## LXIV.

But I must crowd all into one grand mess  
Or mass; for should I stretch into detail,  
My Muse would run much more into excess,  
Than when some squeamish people deem her frail.  
But though a "bonne vivante," I must confess  
Her stomach's not her peccant part: this tale  
However doth require some slight refection,  
Just to relieve her spirits from dejection.

## LXV.

Fowls à la Condé, slices eke of salmon,  
With sauces Genevoises, and haunch of venison;  
Wine too which might again have slain young Ammon—  
A man like whom I hope we shan't see many soon;  
They also set a glazed Westphalian ham on,  
Whereon Apicius would bestow his benison;  
And then there was Champagne with foaming whirls,  
As white as Cleopatra's melted pearls.

## LXVI.

Then there was God knows what “à l’Allemande,”  
 “A l’Espagnole,” “timballe,” and “Salpicon”—  
 With things I can’t withstand or understand,  
 Though swallow’d with much zest upon the whole;  
 And “entremets” to piddle with at hand,  
 Gently to lull down the subsiding soul;  
 While great Lucullus’ (*Rôbe triumphal*) muffles—  
 (*There’s Fame*)—young Partridge’ fillets, deck’d with  
 truffles. (4)

## LXVII.

What are the *fillets* on the victor’s brow  
 To these? They are rags or dust. Where is the arch  
 Which nodded to the nation’s spoils below?  
 Where the triumphal chariots’ haughty march?  
 Gone to where victories must like dinners go.  
 Further I shall not follow the research:  
 But oh! ye modern heroes with your cartridges,  
 When will your names lend lustre even to partridges?

## LXVIII.

Those truffles too are no bad accessories,

Follow'd by "Petits puits d'Amour"—a dish

Of which perhaps the cookery rather varies,

So every one may dress it to his wish,

According to the best of dictionaries,

Which encyclopedize both flesh and fish;

But even sans "comfitures," it no less true is,

There's pretty picking in those "petits puits." (5)

## LXIX.

The mind is lost in mighty contemplation

Of intellect expended on two courses;

And indigestion's grand multiplication

Requires arithmetic beyond my forces.

Who would suppose, from Adam's simple ration,

That cookery could have call'd forth such resources,

As form a science and a nomenclature

From out the commonest demands of nature?

## LXX.

The glasses jingled, and the palates tingled ;  
The diners of celebrity dined well ;  
The ladies with more moderation mingled ;  
In the feast, pecking less than I can tell ;  
Also the younger men too ; for a springald  
Can't like ripe age in gourmandise excel,  
But thinks less of good eating than the whisper  
(When seated next him) of some pretty lisper.

## LXXI.

Alas ! I must leave undescribed the gibier,  
The salmi, the consommè, the purée,  
All which I use to make my rhymes run glibber  
Than could roast beef in our rough John Bull way :  
I must not introduce even a spare rib here,  
“ Bubble and squeak ” would spoil my liquid lay ;  
But I have dined, and must forego, alas !  
The chaste description even of a “ Becasse,”

## LXXII.

And fruits, and ice, and all that art refines  
From nature for the service of the goût,—  
*Taste* or the *gout*,—pronounce it as inclines  
Your stomach! Ere you dine, the French will do;  
But *after*, there are sometimes certain signs  
Which prove plain English truer of the two.  
Hast ever *had* the *gout*? I have not had it—  
But I may have, and you too, Reader, dread it.

## LXXIII.

The simple olives, best allies of wine,  
Must I pass over in my bill of fare?  
I must, although a favourite “plat” of mine  
In Spain, and Lucca, Athens, every where:  
On them and bread ’twas oft my luck to dine,  
The grass my table-cloth, in open air,  
On Sunium or Hymettus, like Diogenes,  
Of whom half my philosophy the progeny is.

## LXXIV.

Amidst this tumult of fish, flesh, and fowl,  
And vegetables, all in masquerade,  
The guests were placed according to their roll,  
But various as the various meats display'd :  
Don Juan sat next an "à l'Espagnole"—  
No damsel, but a dish, as hath been said ;  
But so far like a lady, that 'twas drest  
Superbly, and contained a world of zest,

## LXXV.

By some odd chance too he was placed between  
Aurora and the Lady Adeline—  
A situation difficult, I ween,  
For man therein, with eyes and heart, to dine.  
Also the conference which we have seen  
Was not such as to encourage him to shine ;  
For Adeline, addressing few words to him,  
With two transcendent eyes seemed to look through him.

## LXXVI.

I sometimes almost think that eyes have ears :

This much is sure, that, out of earshot, things  
Are somehow echoed to the pretty dears,

Of which I can't tell whence their knowledge springs ;  
Like that same mystic music of the spheres,

Which no one hears so loudly though it rings.

'Tis wonderful how oft the sex have heard

Long dialogues which pass'd without a word !

## LXXVII.

Aurora sat with that indifference

Which piques a preux Chevalier—as it ought :  
Of all offences that's the worst offence,

Which seems to hint you are not worth a thought.  
Now Juan, though no coxcomb in pretence,

Was not exactly pleased to be so caught :  
Like a good ship entangled among ice,

And after so much excellent advice.

## LXXVIII.

To his gay nothings, nothing was replied,  
Or something which was nothing, as urbanity  
Required. Aurora scarcely look'd aside,  
Nor even smiled enough for any vanity.  
The devil was in the girl! Could it be pride?  
Or modesty, or absence, or inanity?  
Heaven knows! But Adeline's malicious eyes  
Sparkled with her successful prophecies,

## LXXIX.

And look'd as much as if to say, "I said it;"—  
A kind of triumph I'll not recommend,  
Because it sometimes, as I've seen or read it,  
Both in the case of lover and of friend,  
Will pique a gentleman, for his own credit,  
To bring what was a jest to a serious end:  
For all men prophesy what *is* or *was*,  
And hate those who won't let them come to pass.



## LXXX.

Juan was drawn thus into some attentions,  
Slight but select, and just enough to express,  
To females of perspicuous comprehensions,  
That he would rather make them more than less.  
Aurora at the last (so history mentions,  
Though probably much less a fact than guess)  
So far relax'd her thoughts from their sweet prison,  
As once or twice to smile, if not to listen.

## LXXXI.

From answering, she began to question : this  
With her was rare ; and Adeline, who as yet  
Thought her predictions went not much amiss,  
Began to dread she'd thaw to a coquette—  
So very difficult, they say, it is  
To keep extremes from meeting, when once set  
In motion ; but she here too much refined—  
Aurora's spirit was not of that kind.

## LXXXII.

But Juan had a sort of winning way,  
 A proud humility, if such there be,  
 Which show'd such deference to what females say,  
 As if each charming word were a decree.  
 His tact too temper'd him from grave to gay,  
 And taught him when to be reserved or free :  
 He had the art of drawing people out,  
 Without their seeing what he was about.

## LXXXIII.

Aurora, who in her indifference  
 Confounded him in common with the crowd  
 Of flutterers, though she deem'd he had more sense  
 Than whispering foplings, or than witlings loud,—  
 Commenced (from such slight things will great commence)  
 To feel that flattery which attracts the proud  
 Rather by deference than compliment,  
 And wins even by a delicate dissent.

## LXXXIV.

And then he had good looks ;—that point was carried

*Nem. con.* amongst the women, which I grieve

To say leads oft to *crim. con.* with the married—

A case which to the Juries we may leave,

Since with digressions we too long have tarried.

Now though we know of old that looks deceive,

And always have done, somehow these good looks

Make more impression than the best of books.

## LXXXV.

Aurora, who look'd more on books than faces,

Was very young, although so very sage,

Admiring more Minerva than the Graces,

Especially upon a printed page.

But Virtue's self, with all her tightest laces,

Has not the natural stays of strict old age ;

And Socrates, that model of all duty,

Own'd to a penchant, though discreet, for beauty.

## LXXXVI.

And girls of sixteen are thus far Socratic,

But innocently so, as Socrates :

And really, if the Sage sublime and Attic

At seventy years had phantasies like these,

Which Plato in his dialogues dramatic

Has shown, I know not why they should displease

In virgins—always in a modest way,

Observe ; for that with me's a “ sine quâ.” (6)

## LXXXVII.

Also observe, that like the great Lord Coke,

(See Littleton) whene'er I have expressed

Opinions two, which at first sight may look

Twin opposites, the second is the best.

Perhaps I have a third too in a nook,

Or none at all—which seems a sorry jest ;

But if a writer should be quite consistent,

How could he possibly show things existent ?

## LXXXVIII.

If people contradict themselves, can I

Help contradicting them, and every body,

Even my veracious self?—But that's a lie ;

I never did so, never will—how should I ?

He who doubts all things, nothing can deny ;

Truth's fountains may be clear—her streams are muddy,

And cut through such canals of contradiction,

That she must often navigate o'er fiction.

## LXXXIX.

Apologue, fable, poesy, and parable,

Are false, but may be render'd also true

By those who sow them in a land that's arable.

'Tis wonderful what fable will not do !

'Tis said it makes reality more bearable :

But what's reality? Who has its clue ?

Philosophy? No ; she too much rejects.

Religion? Yes ; but which of all her sects ?

## XC.

Some millions must be wrong, that's pretty clear :

Perhaps it may turn out that all were right.

God help us ! Since we have need on our career

To keep our holy beacons always bright,

'Tis time that some new Prophet should appear,

Or old indulge man with a second sight.

Opinions wear out in some thousand years,

Without a small refreshment from the spheres.

## XCI.

But here again, why will I thus entangle

Myself with metaphysics ? None can hate

So much as I do any kind of wrangle ;

And yet, such is my folly, or my fate,

I always knock my head against some angle

About the present, past, or future state :

Yet I wish well to Trojan and to Tyrian,

For I was bred a moderate Presbyterian.

## XCII.

But though I am a temperate Theologian,  
And also meek as a Metaphysician,  
Impartial between Tyrian and Trojan,  
As Eldon on a lunatic commission,—  
In politics my duty is to show John  
Bull something of the lower world's condition.  
It makes my blood boil like the springs of Hecla,  
To see men let these scoundrel Sovereigns break law.

## XCIII.

But politics, and policy, and piety,  
Are topics which I sometimes introduce,  
Not only for the sake of their variety,  
But as subservient to a moral use;  
Because my business is to *dress* society,  
And stuff with *sage* that very verdant goose.  
And now, that we may furnish with some matter all  
Tastes, we are going to try the supernatural.

## XCIV.

And now I will give up all argument ;

And positively henceforth no temptation  
Shall “ fool me to the top up of my bent ;”—

Yes, I'll begin a thorough reformation.

Indeed I never knew what people meant

By deeming that my Muse's conversation  
Was dangerous ;—I think she is as harmless  
As some who labour more and yet may charm less.

## XCV.

Grim reader ! did you ever see a ghost ?

No ; but you have heard—I understand—be dumb !

And don't regret the time you may have lost,

For you have got that pleasure still to come :

And do not think I mean to sneer at most

Of these things, or by ridicule benumb

That source of the sublime and the mysterious :—

For certain reasons, my belief is serious.



## XCVI.

Serious? You laugh:—you may; that will I not;

My smiles must be sincere or not at all.

I say I do believe a haunted spot

Exists—and where? That shall I not recal,

Because I'd rather it should be forgot,

“ Shadows the soul of Richard” may appal.

In short, upon that subject I've some qualms very

Like those of the Philosopher of Malmsbury. (7)

## XCVII.

The night (I sing by night—sometimes an owl,

And now and then a nightingale)—is dim,

And the loud shriek of sage Minerva's fowl

Rattles around me her discordant hymn:

Old portraits from old walls upon me scowl—

I wish to heaven they would not look so grim;

The dying embers dwindle in the grate—

I think too that I have sate up too late:

## XCVIII.

And therefore, though 'tis by no means my way  
To rhyme at noon—when I have other things  
To think of, if I ever think,—I say  
I feel some chilly midnight shudderings,  
And prudently postpone, until mid-day,  
Treating a topic which alas but brings  
Shadows ;—but you must be in my condition  
Before you learn to call this superstition.

## XCIX.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,  
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge :  
How little do we know that which we are !  
How less what we may be ! The eternal surge  
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar  
Our bubbles ; as the old burst, new emerge,  
Lash'd from the foam of ages ; while the graves  
Of Empires heave but like some passing waves.

## NOTES TO CANTO XV.

---

Note 1, page 14, stanza xviii.

*And thou Diviner still,  
Whose lot it is by man to be mistaken.*

As it is necessary in these times to avoid ambiguity, I say, that I mean, by “Diviner still,” CHRIST. If ever God was Man—or Man God—he was *both*. I never arraigned his creed, but the use—or abuse—made of it. Mr. Canning one day quoted Christianity to sanction Negro Slavery, and Mr. Wilberforce had little to say in reply. And was Christ crucified, that black men might be scourged? If so, he had better been born a Mulatto, to give both colours an equal chance of freedom, or at least salvation.

Note 2, page 22, stanza xxxv.

*When Rapp the Harmonist embargoed marriage  
In his harmonious settlement.*

This extraordinary and flourishing German colony in America does not entirely exclude matrimony, as the “Shakers” do; but lays such restrictions upon it as prevent more than a certain quantum of births within a certain number of years; which births (as Mr. Hulme observes) generally arrive “in a little flock like those of a farmer’s lambs, all within the same

month perhaps." These Harmonists (so called from the name of their settlement) are represented as a remarkably flourishing, pious, and quiet people. See the various recent writers on America.

Note 3, page 24, stanza xxxviii.

*Nor canvass what "so eminent a hand" meant.*

Jacob Tonson, according to Mr. Pope, was accustomed to call his writers, "able pens"—"persons of honour," and especially "eminent hands." Vide Correspondence, &c. &c.

Note 4, page 38, stanza lxvi.

*While great Lucullus' (Rôbe triumphal) muffles—  
(There's Fame)—young Partridge fillets, deck'd with truffles.*

A dish "à la Lucullus." This hero, who conquered the East, has left his more extended celebrity to the transplantation of cherries (which he first brought into Europe) and the nomenclature of some very good dishes;—and I am not sure that (barring indigestion) he has not done more service to mankind by his cookery than by his conquests. A cherry-tree may weigh against a bloody laurel: besides, he has contrived to earn celebrity from both.

Note 5, page 39, stanza lxviii.

*But even sans "confitures," it no less true is,  
There's pretty picking in those "petits puits."*

"Petit puits d'amour garnis des confitures," a classical and well-known dish for part of the flank of a second course.

Note 6, page 48, stanza lxxxvi.

*For that with me's a " sine quâ."*

Subauditur " Non;" omitted for the sake of euphony.

Note 7, page 53, stanza xcvi.

*In short, upon that subject I've some qualms very  
Like those of the Philosopher of Malmsbury.*

Hobbes; who, doubting of his own soul, paid that compliment to the souls of other people as to decline their visits, of which he had some apprehension.

1875

**DON JUAN.**

**CANTO XVI.**





# DON JUAN.

---

## CANTO XVI.

---

### I.

THE antique Persians taught three useful things,

To draw the bow, to ride, and speak the truth.

This was the mode of Cyrus, best of kings—

A mode adopted since by modern youth.

Bows have they, generally with two strings ;

Horses they ride without remorse or ruth ;

At speaking truth perhaps they are less clever,

But draw the long bow better now than ever.

## II.

The cause of this effect, or this defect,—

“ For this effect defective comes by cause,—

Is what I have not leisure to inspect ;

But this I must say in my own applause,

Of all the Muses that I recollect,

Whate'er may be her follies or her flaws

In some things, mine's beyond all contradiction

The most sincere that ever dealt in fiction.

## III.

And as she treats all things, and ne'er retreats

From any thing, this Epic will contain

A wilderness of the most rare conceits,

Which you might elsewhere hope to find in vain.

'Tis true there be some bitters with the sweets,

Yet mixed so slightly that you can't complain,

But wonder they so few are, since my tale is

“ De rebus cunctis et quibûsdam aliis.”

## IV.

But of all truths which she has told, the most

True is that which she is about to tell.

I said it was a story of a ghost—

What then? I only know it so befel.

Have you explored the limits of the coast,

Where all the dwellers of the earth must dwell?

'Tis time to strike such puny doubters dumb as

The sceptics who would not believe Columbus.

## V.

Some people would impose now with authority,

Turpin's or Monmouth Geoffry's Chronicle;

Men whose historical superiority

Is always greatest at a miracle.

But Saint Augustine has the great priority,

Who bids all men believe the impossible,

*Because 'tis so.* Who nibble, scribble, quibble, he

Quiets at once with "*quia impossibile.*"

## VI.

And therefore, mortals, cavil not at all ;

Believe :—if 'tis improbable, you *must* ;

And if it is impossible, you *shall* :

'Tis always best to take things upon trust.

I do not speak profanely, to recal

Those holier mysteries, which the wise and just  
Receive as gospel, and which grow more rooted,  
As all truths must, the more they are disputed.

## VII.

I merely mean to say what Johnson said,

That in the course of some six thousand years,  
All nations have believed that from the dead

A visitant at intervals appears ;

And what is strangest upon this strange head,

Is, that whatever bar the reason rears

'Gainst such belief, there's something stronger still  
In its behalf, let those deny who will.

## VIII.

The dinner and the soirée too were done,

The supper too discussed, the dames admired,

The banqueteers had dropped off one by one—

The song was silent, and the dance expired :

The last thin petticoats were vanished, gone

Like fleecy clouds into the sky retired,

And nothing brighter gleamed through the saloon

Than dying tapers—and the peeping moon.

## IX.

The evaporation of a joyous day

Is like the last glass of champagne, without

The foam which made its virgin bumper gay ;

Or like a system coupled with a doubt ;

Or like a soda bottle when its spray

Has sparkled and let half its spirit out ;

Or like a billow left by storms behind,

Without the animation of the wind ;

## X.

Or like an opiate which brings troubled rest,  
Or none; or like—like nothing that I know  
Except itself;—such is the human breast;  
A thing, of which similitudes can show  
No real likeness,—like the old Tyrian vest  
Dyed purple, none at present can tell how,  
If from a shell-fish or from cochineal. (1)  
So perish every tyrant's robe piece-meal!

## XI.

But next to dressing for a rout or ball,  
Undressing is a woe; our robe de chambre  
May sit like that of Nessus and recal  
Thoughts quite as yellow, but less clear than amber.  
Titus exclaimed, "I've lost a day!" Of all  
The nights and days most people can remember,  
(I have had of both, some not to be disdained)  
I wish they'd state how many they have gained.

## XII.

And Juan, on retiring for the night,

Felt restless, and perplexed, and compromised ;

He thought Aurora Raby's eyes more bright

Than Adeline (such is advice) advised ;

If he had known exactly his own plight,

He probably would have philosophised ;

A great resource to all, and ne'er denied

Till wanted ; therefore Juan only sighed.

## XIII.

He sighed ;—the next resource is the full moon,

Where all sighs are deposited ; and now

It happened luckily, the chaste orb shone

As clear as such a climate will allow ;

And Juan's mind was in the proper tone

To hail her with the apostrophe—" Oh, Thou !"

Of amatory egotism the *Tuism*,

Which further to explain would be a truism.

## XIV.

But lover, poet, or astronomer,

Shepherd, or swain, whoever may behold,

Feel some abstraction when they gaze on her :

Great thoughts we catch from thence (besides a cold  
Sometimes, unless my feelings rather err ;)

Deep secrets to her rolling light are told ;

The ocean's tides and mortal's brains she sways,  
And also hearts, if there be truth in lays.

## XV.

Juan felt somewhat pensive, and disposed

For contemplation rather than his pillow :

The Gothic chamber, where he was enclosed,

Let in the rippling sound of the lake's billow,

With all the mystery by midnight caused ;

Below his window waved (of course) a willow ;

And he stood gazing out on the cascade

That flashed and after darkened in the shade.



## XVI.

Upon his table or his toilet,—*which*

Of these is not exactly ascertained—

(I state this, for I am cautious to a pitch

Of nicety, where a fact is to be gained)

A lamp burned high, while he leant from a niche,

Where many a gothic ornament remained,

In chiselled stone and painted glass, and all

That time has left our fathers of their Hall.

## XVII.

Then, as the night was clear though cold, he threw

His chamber door wide open—and went forth

Into a gallery, of a sombre hue,

Long, furnished with old pictures of great worth,

Of knights and dames heroic and chaste too,

As doubtless should be people of high birth.

But by dim lights the portraits of the dead

Have something ghastly, desolate, and dread.

## XVIII.

The forms of the grim knights and pictured saints  
Look living in the moon ; and as you turn  
Backward and forward to the echoes faint  
Of your own footsteps—voices from the urn  
Appear to wake, and shadows wild and quaint  
Start from the frames which fence their aspects stern,  
As if to ask how you can dare to keep  
A vigil there, where all but death should sleep.

## XIX.

And the pale smile of Beauties in the grave,  
The charms of other days, in starlight gleams  
Glimmer on high ; their buried locks still wave  
Along the canvas ; their eyes glance like dreams  
On ours, or spars within some dusky cave,  
But death is imaged in their shadowy beams.  
A picture is the past ; even ere its frame  
Be gilt, who sate hath ceased to be the same.

## XX.

As Juan mused on mutability,  
Or on his mistress—terms synonymous—  
No sound except the echo of his sigh  
Or step ran sadly through that antique house,  
When suddenly he heard, or thought so, nigh,  
A supernatural agent—or a mouse,  
Whose little nibbling rustle will embarrass  
Most people as it plays along the arras.

## XXI.

It was no mouse, but lo! a monk, arrayed  
In cowl and beads and dusky garb, appeared,  
Now in the moonlight, and now lapsed in shade,  
With steps that trod as heavy, yet unheard;  
His garments only a slight murmur made;  
He moved as shadowy as the sisters weird,  
But slowly; and as he passed Juan by,  
Glanced, without pausing, on him a bright eye.

## XXII.

Juan was petrified ; he had heard a hint  
Of such a spirit in these halls of old,  
But thought, like most men, there was nothing in't  
Beyond the rumour which such spots unfold,  
Coined from surviving superstition's mint,  
Which passes ghosts in currency like gold,  
But rarely seen, like gold compared with paper.  
And *did* he see this ? or was it a vapour ?

## XXIII.

Once, twice, thrice passed, repassed—the thing of air,  
Or earth beneath, or heaven, or t'other place ;  
And Juan gazed upon it with a stare,  
Yet could not speak or move ; but, on its base  
As stands a statue, stood : he felt his hair  
Twine like a knot of snakes around his face ;  
He taxed his tongue for words, which were not granted,  
To ask the reverend person what he wanted.

## XXIV.

The third time, after a still longer pause,  
The shadow passed away—but where? the hall  
Was long, and thus far there was no great cause  
To think his vanishing unnatural :  
Doors there were many, through which, by the laws  
Of physics, bodies whether short or tall  
Might come or go ; but Juan could not state  
Through which the spectre seemed to evaporate.

## XXV.

He stood—how long he knew not; but it seemed  
An age,—expectant, powerless, with his eyes  
Strained on the spot where first the figure gleamed ;  
Then by degrees recalled his energies,  
And would have passed the whole off as a dream,  
But could not wake ; he was, he did surmise,  
Waking already, and returned at length  
Back to his chamber, shorn of half his strength.

## XXVI.

All there was as he left it: still his taper  
    Burnt, and not *blue*, as modest tapers use,  
Receiving sprites with sympathetic vapour;  
    He rubbed his eyes, and they did not refuse  
Their office; he took up an old newspaper;  
    The paper was right easy to peruse;  
He read an article the king attacking,  
And a long eulogy of "Patent Blacking."

## XXVII.

This savoured of this world; but his hand shook—  
    He shut his door, and after having read  
A paragraph, I think about Horne Tooke,  
    Undrest, and rather slowly went to bed.  
There couched all snugly on his pillow's nook,  
    With what he had seen his phantasy he fed,  
And though it was no opiate, slumber crept  
Upon him by degrees, and so he slept.

## XXVIII.

He woke betimes ; and, as may be supposed,  
Pondered upon his visitant or vision,  
And whether it ought not to be disclosed,  
At risk of being quizzed for superstition.  
The more he thought, the more his mind was posed ;  
In the mean time, his valet, whose precision  
Was great, because his master brooked no less,  
Knocked to inform him it was time to dress.

## XXIX.

He dressed ; and like young people, he was wont  
To take some trouble with his toilet, but  
This morning rather spent less time upon 't ;  
Aside his very mirror soon was put ;  
His curls fell negligently o'er his front,  
His clothes were not curbed to their usual cut,  
His very neckcloth's Gordian knot was tied  
Almost an hair's breadth too much on one side.

## XXX.

And when he walked down into the saloon,  
He sate him pensive o'er a dish of tea,  
Which he perhaps had not discovered soon,  
Had it not happened scalding hot to be,  
Which made him have recourse unto his spoon ;  
So much distrait he was, that all could see  
That something *was* the matter—Adeline  
The first—but *what* she could not well divine.

## XXXI.

She looked, and saw him pale, and turned as pale  
Herself; then hastily looked down, and muttered  
Something, but what's not stated in my tale.  
Lord Henry said, his muffin was ill buttered ;  
The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke played with her veil,  
And looked at Juan hard, but nothing uttered.  
Aurora Raby, with her large dark eyes,  
Surveyed him with a kind of calm surprise.



## XXXII.

But seeing him all cold and silent still,

And every body wondering more or less,

Fair Adeline enquired, " If he were ill ?"

He started, and said, " Yes—no—rather—yes."

The family physician had great skill,

And being present, now began to express

His readiness to feel his pulse and tell

The cause, but Juan said, " He was quite well."

## XXXIII.

" Quite well; yes; no."—These answers were mysterious,

And yet his looks appeared to sanction both,

However they might savour of delirious ;

Something like illness of a sudden growth

Weighed on his spirit, though by no means serious.

But for the rest, as he himself seemed loth

To state the case, it might be ta'en for granted

It was not the physician that he wanted.

## XXXIV.

Lord Henry, who had now discussed his chocolate,  
Also the muffin whereof he complained,  
Said, Juan had not got his usual look elate,  
At which he marvelled, since it had not rained;  
Then asked her Grace what news were of the Duke of late?  
*Her* Grace replied, *his* Grace was rather pained  
With some slight, light, hereditary twinges  
Of gout, which rusts aristocratic hinges.

## XXXV.

Then Henry turned to Juan and addressed  
A few words of condolence on his state :  
“ You look,” quoth he, “ as if you had had your rest  
Broke in upon by the Black Friar of late.”  
“ What Friar ?” said Juan ; and he did his best  
To put the question with an air sedate,  
Or careless ; but the effort was not valid  
To hinder him from growing still more pallid.

## XXXVI.

“ Oh! have you never heard of the Black Friar?  
The spirit of these walls?”—“ In truth not I.”  
“ Why Fame—but Fame you know’s sometimes a liar—  
Tells an odd story, of which by the bye :  
Whether with time the spectre has grown shyer,  
Or that our sires had a more gifted eye  
For such sights, though the tale is half believed,  
The Friar of late has not been oft perceived.

## XXXVII.

“ The last time was——” “ I pray,” said Adeline,—  
(Who watched the changes of Don Juan’s brow,  
And from its context thought she could divine  
Connections stronger than he chose to avow  
With this same legend)—“ if you but design  
To jest, you’ll choose some other theme just now,  
Because the present tale has oft been told,  
And is not much improved by growing old.”

## XXXVIII.

“ Jest !” quoth Milor, “ Why, Adeline, you know  
 That we ourselves—’twas in the Honey Moon—  
 Saw——” “ Well, no matter, ’twas so long ago ;  
 But, come, I’ll set your story to a tune.”

Graceful as Dian when she draws her bow,

She seized her harp, whose strings were kindled soon  
 As touched, and plaintively began to play  
 The air of “ ’Twas a Friar of Orders Grey.”

## .XXXIX.

“ But add’ the words,” cried Henry, “ which you made ;  
 For Adeline is half a poetess,”

Turning round to the rest, he smiling said.

Of course the others could not but express  
 In courtesy their wish to see displayed

By one *three* talents, for there were no less—  
 The voice, the words, the harper’s skill, at once  
 Could hardly be united by a dunce.

## XL.

After some fascinating hesitation,—

The charming of these charmers, who seem bound,  
I can't tell why, to this dissimulation,—

Fair Adeline, with eyes fixed on the ground  
At first, then kindling into animation,

Added her sweet voice to the lyric sound,  
And sang with much simplicity,—a merit  
Not the less precious, that we seldom hear it.

## 1.

Beware! beware! of the Black Friar,

Who sitteth by Norman stone,

For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,

And his mass of the days that are gone.

When the Lord of the Hill, Amundeville,

Made Norman Church his prey,

And expelled the friars, one friar still

Would not be driven away.

## 2.

Though he came in his might, with King Henry's right,  
To turn church lands to lay,  
With sword in hand, and torch to light  
Their walls, if they said nay,  
A monk remained, unchased, unchained,  
And he did not seem formed of clay,  
For he's seen in the porch, and he's seen in the church,  
Though he is not seen by day.

## 3.

And whether for good, or whether for ill,  
It is not mine to say;  
But still to the house of Amundeville  
He abideth night and day.  
By the marriage bed of their lords, 'tis said,  
He flits on the bridal eve;  
And 'tis held as faith, to their bed of death,  
He comes—but not to grieve.

## 4.

When an heir is born, he is heard to mourn,  
And when aught is to befall  
That ancient line, in the pale moonshine  
He walks from hall to hall.  
His form you may trace, but not his face,  
'Tis shadowed by his cowl ;  
But his eyes may be seen from the folds between,  
And they seem of a parted soul.

## 5.

But beware ! beware ! of the Black Friar,  
He still retains his sway,  
For he is yet the church's heir  
Who ever may be the lay.  
Amundeville is lord by day,  
But the monk is lord by night.  
Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal  
To question that friar's right.

## 6.

Say nought to him as he walks the hall,  
And he'll say nought to you ;  
He sweeps along in his dusky pall,  
As o'er the grass the dew.  
Then Grammercy! for the Black Friar ;  
Heaven sain him! fair or foul,  
And whatso'er may be his prayer,  
Let ours be for his soul.

## XLI.

The lady's voice ceased, and the thrilling wires  
Died from the touch that kindled them to sound ;  
And the pause followed, which when song expires,  
Pervades a moment those who listen round ;  
And then of course the circle much admires,  
Nor less applauds as in politeness bound,  
The tones, the feeling, and the execution,  
To the performer's diffident confusion.



## XLII.

Fair Adeline, though in a careless way,  
As if she rated such accomplishment  
As the mere pastime of an idle day,  
Pursued an instant for her own content,  
Would now and then as 'twere *without* display,  
Yet *with* display in fact, at times relent  
To such performances with haughty smile,  
To show she *could*, if it were worth her while.

## XLIII.

Now this (but we will whisper it aside)  
Was—pardon the pedantic illustration—  
Trampling on Plato's pride with greater pride,  
As did the Cynic on some like occasion ;  
Deeming the sage would be much mortified,  
Or thrown into a philosophic passion,  
For a spoilt carpet—but the " Attic Bee "  
Was much consoled by his own repartee. (2)

## XLIV.

Thus Adeline would throw into the shade,  
 (By doing easily whene'er she chose,  
 What dilettanti do with vast parade)  
 Their sort of *half profession*: for it grows  
 To something like this when too oft displayed,  
 And that it is so, every body knows,  
 Who have heard Miss That or This, or Lady T'other,  
 Show off—to please their company or mother.

## XLV.

Oh! the long evenings of duets and trios!  
 The admirations and the speculations;  
 The “Mamma Mia’s!” and the “Amor Mio’s!”  
 The “Tanti palpiti’s” on such occasions:  
 The “Lasciami’s,” and quavering “Addio’s!”  
 Amongst our own most musical of nations;  
 With “Tu mi chamas’s” from Portingale,  
 To soothe our ears, lest Italy should fail. (3)

## XLVI.

In Babylon's bravuras—as the home  
Heart-ballads of Green Erin or Grey Highlands,  
That brings Lochaber back to eyes that roam  
O'er far Atlantic continents or islands,  
The calentures of music which o'ercome  
All mountaineers with dreams that they are nigh lands,  
No more to be beheld but in such visions,—  
Was Adeline well versed, as compositions.

## XLVII.

She also had a twilight tinge of "*Blue*,"  
Could write rhymes, and compose more than she wrote;  
Made epigrams occasionally too  
Upon her friends, as every body ought.  
But still from that sublimer azure hue,  
So much the present dye, she was remote,  
Was weak enough to deem Pope a great poet,  
And what was worse, was not ashamed to show it.

## XLVIII.

Aurora—since we are touching upon taste,  
Which now-a-days is the thermometer  
By whose degrees all characters are classed—  
Was more Shakespearian, if I do not err.  
The worlds beyond this world's perplexing waste  
Had more of her existence, for in her  
There was a depth of feeling to embrace  
Thoughts, boundless, deep, but silent too as Space.

## XLIX.

Not so her gracious, graceful, graceless Grace,  
The full grown Hebe of Fitz-Fulke, whose mind,  
If she had any, was upon her face,  
And that was of a fascinating kind.  
A little turn for mischief you might trace  
Also thereon,—but that's not much; we find  
Few females without some such gentle leaven,  
For fear we should suppose us quite in heaven.

## L.

I have not heard she was at all poetic,

Though once she was seen reading the " Bath Guide,"  
And " Hayley's Triumphs," which she deemed pathetic,

Because, she said, *her temper* had been tried  
So much, the bard had really been prophetic

Of what she had gone through with,—since a bride.  
But of all verse, what most insured her praise  
Were sonnets to herself, or " Bouts rimés."

## LI.

'Twere difficult to say what was the object

Of Adeline, in bringing this same lay  
To bear on what appeared to her the subject

Of Juan's nervous feelings on that day.  
Perhaps she merely had the simple project

To laugh him out of his supposed dismay ;  
Perhaps she might wish to confirm him in it,  
Though why I cannot say—at least this minute.

## LII.

But so far the immediate effect  
Was to restore him to his self propriety,  
A thing quite necessary to the elect,  
Who wish to take the tone of their society :  
In which you cannot be too circumspect,  
Whether the mode be persiflage or piety,  
But wear the newest mantle of hypocrisy,  
On pain of much displeasing the Gynocrasy.

## LIII.

And therefore Juan now began to rally  
His spirits, and without more explanation,  
To jest upon such themes in many a sally.  
Her Grace too also seized the same occasion,  
With various similar remarks to tally,  
But wished for a still more detailed narration  
Of this same mystic Friar's curious doings,  
About the present family's deaths and woings.

## LIV.

Of these few could say more than has been said ;  
They passed as such things do, for superstition  
With some, while others, who had more in dread  
The theme, half credited the strange tradition ;  
And much was talked on all sides on that head ;  
But Juan, when cross-questioned on the vision,  
Which some supposed (though he had not avowed it)  
Had stirred him, answered in a way to cloud it.

## LV.

And then, the mid-day having worn to one,  
The company prepared to separate ;  
Some to their several pastimes, or to none,  
Some wondering 'twas so early, some so late.  
There was a goodly match too, to be run  
Between some greyhounds on my Lord's estate,  
And a young race-horse of old pedigree,  
Matched for the spring, whom several went to see.

## LVI.

There was a picture dealer who had brought  
A special Titian, warranted original,  
So precious that it was not to be bought,  
Though princes the possessor were besieging all.  
The king himself had cheapened it, but thought  
The Civil List (he deigns to accept, obliging all  
His subjects by his gracious acceptance)  
Too scanty, in these times of low taxation.

## LVII.

But as Lord Henry was a connoisseur,—  
The friend of artists, if not arts,—the owner,  
With motives the most classical and pure,  
So that he would have been the very donor,  
Rather than seller, had his wants been fewer,  
So much he deemed his patronage an honour,  
Had brought the Capo d'opera, not for sale,  
But for his judgment,—never known to fail.



## LVIII.

There was a modern Goth, I mean a Gothic  
Bricklayer of Babel, called an architect,  
Brought to survey these grey walls, which though so  
thick,  
Might have from time acquired some slight defect;  
Who, after rummaging the Abbey through thick  
And thin, produced a plan whereby to erect  
New buildings of correctest conformation,  
And throw down old, which he called *restoration*.

## LIX.

The cost would be a trifle—an “old song”  
Set to some thousands ('tis the usual burthen  
Of that same tune, when people hum it long)—  
The price would speedily repay its worth in  
An edifice no less sublime than strong,  
By which Lord Henry's good taste would go forth in  
Its glory, through all ages shining sunny,  
For Gothic daring shown in English money. (4)

## LX.

There were two lawyers busy on a mortgage  
 Lord Henry wished to raise for a new purchase ;  
 Also a lawsuit upon tenures burgage,  
 And one on tithes, which sure are Discord's torches,  
 Kindling Religion till she throws down *her* gage,  
 "Untying" squires "to fight against the churches;"<sup>(5)</sup>  
 There was a prize ox, a prize pig, and ploughman,  
 For Henry was a sort of Sabine showman.

## LXI.

There were two poachers caught in a steel trap  
 Ready for jail, their place of convalescence ;  
 There was a country girl in a close cap  
 And scarlet cloak (I hate the sight to see, since—  
 Since—since—in youth, I had the sad mishap—  
 But luckily I have paid few parish fees since)  
 That scarlet cloak, alas ! unclosed with Rigour,  
 Presents the problem of a double figure.

## LXII.

A reel within a bottle is a mystery,

One can't tell how it e'er got in or out,

Therefore the present piece of natural history,

I leave to those who are fond of solving doubt,

And merely state, though not for the consistory,

Lord Henry was a justice, and that Scout

The constable, beneath a warrant's banner,

Had bagged this poacher upon Nature's manor.

## LXIII.

Now Justices of Peace must judge all pieces

Of mischief of all kinds, and keep the game

And morals of the country from caprices

Of those who have not a licence for the same ;

And of all things, excepting tithes and leases,

Perhaps these are most difficult to tame :

Preserving partridges and pretty wenches

Are puzzles to the most precautionous benches.

## LXIV.

The present culprit was extremely pale,  
Pale as if painted so ; her cheek being red  
By nature, as in higher dames less hale  
'Tis white, at least when they just rise from bed.  
Perhaps she was ashamed of seeming frail,  
Poor soul ! for she was country born and bred,  
And knew no better in her immorality  
Than to wax white—for blushes are for quality.

## LXV.

Her black, bright, downcast, yet espiegle eye,  
Had gathered a large tear into its corner,  
Which the poor thing at times essayed to dry,  
For she was not a sentimental mourner,  
Parading all her sensibility,  
Nor insolent enough to scorn the scorners,  
But stood in trembling, patient tribulation,  
To be called up for her examination.

## LXVI.

Of course these groups were scattered here and there,  
Not nigh the gay saloon of ladies gent.  
The lawyers in the study ; and in air  
The prize pig, ploughman, poachers ; the men sent  
From town, viz. architect and dealer, were  
Both busy (as a general in his tent  
Writing dispatches) in their several stations,  
Exulting in their brilliant lucubrations.

## LXVII.

But this poor girl was left in the great hall,  
While Scout, the parish guardian of the frail,  
Discussed (he hated beer yclept the "small")  
A mighty mug of *moral* double ale :  
She waited until Justice could recal  
Its kind attentions to their proper pale,  
To name a thing in nomenclature rather  
Perplexing for most virgins—a child's father.

## LXVIII.

You see here was enough of occupation

For the Lord Henry, linked with dogs and horses.

There was much bustle too and preparation

Below stairs on the score of second courses,

Because, as suits their rank and situation,

Those who in counties have great land resources,

Have "public days," when all men may carouse,

Though not exactly what's called "open house."

## LXIX.

But once a week or fortnight, *uninvited*

(Thus we translate a *general invitation*)

All country gentlemen, esquired or knighted,

May drop in without cards, and take their station

At the full board, and sit alike delighted

With fashionable wines and conversation ;

And as the Isthmus of the grand connection,

Talk o'er themselves, the past and next election.

## LXX.

Lord Henry was a great electioneerer,

Burrowing for boroughs like a rat or rabbit.

But county contests cost him rather dearer,

Because the neighbouring Scotch Earl of Giftgabbit  
Had English influence, in the self-same sphere here ;

His son, the Honourable Dick Dicedrabbit,  
Was member for the " other Interest " (meaning  
The same self-interest, with a different leaning.)

## LXXI.

Courteous and cautious therefore in his county,

He was all things to all men, and dispensed  
To some civility, to others bounty,

And promises to all—which last commenced  
To gather to a somewhat large amount, he

Not calculating how much they condensed ;  
But what with keeping some, and breaking others,  
His word had the same value as another's.

## LXXII.

A friend to freedom and freeholders—yet  
No less a friend to government—he held,  
That he exactly the just medium hit  
’Twixt place and patriotism—albeit compelled,  
Such was his Sovereign’s pleasure (though unfit,  
He added modestly, when rebels railed)  
To hold some sinecures he wished abolished,  
But that with them all law would be demolished.

## LXXIII.

He was “free to confess”—(whence comes this phrase?  
Is’t English? No—’tis only parliamentary)  
That innovation’s spirit now-a-days  
Had made more progress than for the last century.  
He would not tread a factious path to praise,  
Though for the public weal disposed to venture high;  
As for his place, he could but say this of it,  
That the fatigue was greater than the profit.



## LXXIV.

Heaven, and his friends, knew that a private life  
Had ever been his sole and whole ambition ;  
But could he quit his king in times of strife  
Which threatened the whole country with perdition ?  
When demagogues would with a butcher's knife  
Cut through and through (oh ! damnable incision !)  
The Gordian or the Geordi-an knot, whose strings  
Have tied together Commons, Lords, and Kings.

## LXXV.

Sooner “ come place into the civil list  
And champion him to the utmost ”—he would keep it,  
Till duly disappointed or dismissed :  
Profit he cared not for, let others reap it ;  
But should the day come when place ceased to exist,  
The country would have far more cause to weep it ;  
For how could it go on ? Explain who can !  
*He* gloried in the name of Englishman.

## LXXVI.

He was as independent—aye, much more—  
 Than those who were not paid for independence,  
 As common soldiers, or a common—Shore,  
 Have in their several arts or parts ascendance  
 O'er the irregulars in lust or gore,  
 Who do not give professional attendance.  
 Thus on the mob all statesmen are as eager  
 To prove their pride, as footmen to a beggar.

## LXXVII.

All this (save the last stanza) Henry said,  
 And thought. I say no more—I've said too much;  
 For all of us have either heard or read  
 Of—or *upon* the hustings—some slight such  
 Hints from the independent heart or head  
 Of the official candidate. I'll touch  
 No more on this—the dinner bell hath rung,  
 And grace is said; the grace I *should* have sung—

## LXXVIII.

But I'm too late, and therefore must make play.

'Twas a great banquet, such as Albion old  
Was wont to boast—as if a glutton's tray  
Were something very glorious to behold.

But 'twas a public feast and public day,—

Quite full, right dull, guests hot, and dishes cold,  
Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,  
And every body out of their own sphere.

## LXXIX.

The squires familiarly formal, and

My lords and ladies proudly condescending;  
The very servants puzzling how to hand

Their plates—without it might be too much bending  
From their high places by the sideboard's stand—

Yet like their masters fearful of offending.

For any deviation from the graces

Might cost both men and master too—their *places*.

## LXXX.

There were some hunters bold, and coursers keen,  
Whose hounds ne'er erred, nor greyhounds deigned  
to lurch;

Some deadly shots too, Septembrizers, seen  
Earliest to rise, and last to quit the search  
Of the poor partridge through his stubble screen.

There were some massy members of the church,  
Takers of tithes, and makers of good matches,  
And several who sung fewer psalms than catches.

## LXXXI.

There were some country wags too,—and, alas!

Some exiles from the town, who had been driven  
To gaze, instead of pavement, upon grass,  
And rise at nine in lieu of long eleven.

And lo! upon that day it came to pass,  
I sate next that o'erwhelming son of heaven,  
The very powerful Parson, Peter Pith,  
The loudest wit I e'er was deafened with.

## LXXXII.

I knew him in his livelier London days,  
    A brilliant diner out, though but a curate ;  
And not a joke he cut but earned its praise,  
    Until preferment, coming at a sure rate,  
(Oh, Providence ! how wondrous are thy ways,  
    Who would suppose thy gifts sometimes obdurate ?)  
Gave him, to lay the devil who looks o'er Lincoln,  
A fat fen vicarage, and nought to think on.

## LXXXIII.

His jokes were sermons, and his sermons jokes ;  
    But both were thrown away amongst the fens ;  
For wit hath no great friend in aguish folks.  
    No longer ready ears and short-hand pens  
Imbided the gay bon mot, or happy hoax :  
    The poor priest was reduced to common sense,  
Or to coarse efforts very loud and long,  
To hammer a hoarse laugh from the thick throng.

## LXXXIV.

There *is* a difference, says the song, “ between  
A beggar and a queen,” or *was* (of late  
The latter worse used of the two we’ve seen—  
But we’ll say nothing of affairs of state)  
A difference “ ’twixt a bishop and a dean,”  
A difference between crockery ware and plate,  
As between English beef and Spartan broth—  
And yet great heroes have been bred by both.

## LXXXV.

But of all nature’s discrepancies, none  
Upon the whole is greater than the difference  
Beheld between the country and the town,  
Of which the latter merits every preference  
From those who have few resources of their own,  
And only think, or act, or feel with reference  
To some small plan of interest or ambition—  
Both which are limited to no condition.

## LXXXVI.

But "en avant!" The light loves languish o'er  
Long banquets and too many guests, although  
A slight repast makes people love much more,  
Bacchus and Ceres being, as we know,  
Even from our grammar upwards, friends of yore  
With vivifying Venus, who doth owe  
To these the invention of champagne and truffles:  
Temperance delights her, but long fasting ruffles.

## LXXXVII.

Dully past o'er the dinner of the day;  
And Juan took his place, he knew not where,  
Confused, in the confusion, and distrait,  
And sitting as if nailed upon his chair;  
Though knives and forks clanged round as in a fray,  
He seemed unconscious of all passing there,  
Till some one, with a groan, exprest a wish  
(Unheeded twice) to have a fin of fish.

## LXXXVIII.

On which, at the *third* asking of the banns,  
He started; and perceiving smiles around  
Broadening to grins, he coloured more than once,  
And hastily—as nothing can confound  
A wise man more than laughter from a dunce—  
Inflicted on the dish a deadly wound,  
And with such hurry, that ere he could curb it,  
He had paid his neighbour's prayer with half a turbot.

## LXXXIX.

This was no bad mistake, as it occurred,  
The supPLICATOR being an amateur;  
But others, who were left with scarce a third,  
Were angry—as they well might, to be sure.  
They wondered how a young man so absurd  
Lord Henry at his table should endure;  
And this, and his not knowing how much oats  
Had fallen last market, cost his host three votes.



## . XC.

They little knew, or might have sympathised,  
That he the night before had seen a ghost ;  
A prologue which but slightly harmonised  
With the substantial company engrossed  
By Matter, and so much materialised,  
That one scarce knew at what to marvel most  
Of two things—how (the question rather odd is)  
Such bodies could have souls, or souls such bodies.

## . XCI.

But what confused him more than smile or stare  
From all the 'squires and 'squiresses around,  
Who wondered at the abstraction of his air,  
Especially as he had been renowned  
For some vivacity among the fair,  
Even in the country circle's narrow bound—  
(For little things upon my Lord's estate  
Were good small-talk for others still less great)—

## XCII.

Was, that he caught Aurora's eye on his,

And something like a smile upon her cheek.

Now this he really rather took amiss :

In those who rarely smile, their smile bespeaks

A strong external motive ; and in this

Smile of Aurora's there was nought to pique

Or hope, or love, with any of the wiles

Which some pretend to trace in ladies' smiles.

## XCIII.

'Twas a mere quiet smile of contemplation,

Indicative of some surprise and pity ;

And Juan grew carnation with vexation,

Which was not very wise and still less witty,

Since he had gained at least her observation,

A most important outwork of the city—

As Juan should have known, had not his senses

By last night's ghost been driven from their defences.

## XCIV.

But what was bad, she did not blush in turn,  
Nor seem embarrassed—quite the contrary;  
Her aspect was as usual, still—*not* stern—  
And she withdrew, but cast not down, her eye,  
Yet grew a little pale—with what? concern?  
I know not; but her colour ne'er was high—  
Though sometimes faintly flushed—and always clear,  
As deep seas in a Sunny Atmosphere.

## XCV.

But Adeline was occupied by fame  
This day; and watching, witching, condescending  
To the consumers of fish, fowl and game,  
And dignity with courtesy so blending,  
As all must blend whose part it is to aim  
(Especially as the sixth year is ending)  
At their lord's, son's, or similar connection's  
Safe conduct through the rocks of re-elections.

## .XCVI.

Though this was most expedient on the whole,  
 And usual—Juan, when he cast a glance  
 On Adeline while playing her grand role,  
 Which she went through as though it were a dance,  
 (Betraying only now and then her soul  
 By a look scarce perceptibly askance  
 Of weariness or scorn) began to feel  
 Some doubt how much of Adeline was *real*;

## XCVII.

So well she acted, all and every part  
 By turns—with that vivacious versatility,  
 Which many people take for want of heart.  
 They err—'tis merely what is called mobility, (6)  
 A thing of temperament and not of art,  
 Though seeming so, from its supposed facility;  
 And false—though true; for surely they're sincerest,  
 Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest.

## XCVIII.

This makes your actors, artists, and romancers,  
Heroes sometimes, though seldom—sages never ;  
But speakers, bards, diplomatists, and dancers,  
Little that's great, but much of what is clever ;  
Most orators, but very few financiers,  
Though all Exchequer Chancellors endeavour,  
Of late years, to dispense with Cocker's rigours,  
And grow quite figurative with their figures.

## XCIX.

The poets of arithmetic are they  
Who, though they prove not two and two to be  
Five, as they would do in a modest way,  
Have plainly made it out that four are three,  
Judging by what they take, and what they pay.  
The Sinking Fund's unfathomable sea,  
That most unliquidating liquid, leaves  
The debt unsunk, yet sinks all it receives.

## C.

While Adeline dispensed her airs and graces,  
The fair Fitz-Fulke seemed very much at ease;  
Though too well bred to quiz men to their faces,  
Her laughing blue eyes with a glance could seize  
The ridicules of people in all places—  
That honey of your fashionable bees—  
And store it up for mischievous enjoyment;  
And this at present was her kind employment.

## CI.

However, the day closed, as days must close;  
The evening also waned—and coffee came.  
Each carriage was announced, and ladies rose,  
And curtsying off, as curtsies country dame,  
Retired: with most unfashionable bows  
Their docile esquires also did the same,  
Delighted with the dinner and their host,  
But with the Lady Adeline the most.

## CII.

Some praised her beauty; others her great grace;

The warmth of her politeness, whose sincerity

Was obvious in each feature of her face,

Whose traits were radiant with the rays of verity.

Yes; *she* was truly worthy *her* high place!

No one could envy her deserved prosperity;

And then her dress—what beautiful simplicity

Draperied her form with curious felicity! (?)

## CIII.

Meanwhile sweet Adeline deserved their praises,

By an impartial indemnification

For all her past exertion and soft phrases,

In a most edifying conversation,

Which turned upon their late guests' miens and faces,

And families, even to the last relation;

Their hideous wives, their horrid selves and dresses,

And truculent distortion of their tresses.

## CIV.

True, *she* said little—'twas the rest that broke  
Forth into universal epigram ;  
But then 'twas to the purpose what she spoke :  
Like Addison's " faint praise," so wont to damn,  
Her own but served to set off every joke,  
As music chimes in with a melodrame.  
How sweet the task to shield an absent friend !  
I ask but this of mine, to——*not* defend.

## CV.

There were but two exceptions to this keen  
Skirmish of wits o'er the departed ; one,  
Aurora, with her pure and placid mien ;  
And Juan too, in general behind none  
In gay remark on what he had heard or seen,  
Sate silent now, his usual spirits gone :  
In vain he heard the others rail or rally,  
He would not join them in a single sally.



## CVI.

'Tis true he saw Aurora look as though

She approved his silence ; she perhaps mistook  
Its motive for that charity we owe

But seldom pay the absent, nor would look  
Further ; it might or it might not be so.

But Juan, sitting silent in his nook,  
Observing little in his reverie,  
Yet saw this much, which he was glad to see.

## CVII.

The ghost at least had done him this much good,

In making him as silent as a ghost,  
If in the circumstances which ensued

He gained esteem where it was worth the most.  
And certainly Aurora had renewed

In him some feelings he had lately lost  
Or hardened ; feelings which, perhaps ideal,  
Are so divine, that I must deem them real:—

## CVIII.

The love of higher things and better days;  
 The unbounded hope, and heavenly ignorance  
 Of what is called the world, and the world's ways;  
 The moments when we gather from a glance  
 More joy than from all future pride or praise,  
 Which kindle manhood, but can ne'er entrance  
 The heart in an existence of its own,  
 Of which another's bosom is the zone.

## CIX.

Who would not sigh *Αι αι ταν Κυθερειαν!*  
 That *hath* a memory, or that *had* a heart?  
 Alas! *her* star must wane like that of Dian;  
 Ray fades on ray, as years on years depart.  
 Anacreon only had the soul to tie an  
 Unwithering myrtle round the unblunted dart  
 Of Eros; but though thou hast played us many tricks,  
 Still we respect thee, "Alma Venus Genetrix!"

## CX.

And full of sentiments, sublimé as billows  
    Heaving between this world and worlds beyond,  
Don Juan, when the midnight hour of pillows  
    Arrived, retired to his ; but to despond  
Rather than rest. Instead of poppies, willows  
    Waved o'er his couch ; he meditated, fond  
Of those sweet bitter thoughts which banish sleep,  
And make the worldling sneer, the youngling weep.

## CXI.

The night was as before : he was undrest,  
    Saving his night gown, which is an undress ;  
Completely “ sans culotte,” and without vest ;  
    In short, he hardly could be clothed with less ;  
But apprehensive of his spectral guest,  
    He sate, with feelings awkward to express,  
(By those who have not had such visitations)  
Expectant of the ghost's fresh operations.

## CXII.

And not in vain listened—Hush! what's that?

I see—I see—Ah, no!—'tis not—yet 'tis—

Ye powers! it is the—the—the—Pooh! the cat!

The devil may take that stealthy pace of his!

So like a spiritual pit-a-pat,

Or tiptoe of an amatory Miss,

Gliding the first time to a rendezvous,

And dreading the chaste echoes of her shoe.

## CXIII.

Again—what is't? The wind? No, no,—this time

It is the sable Friar as before,

With awful footsteps regular as rhyme,

Or (as rhymes may be in these days) much more.

Again, through shadows of the night sublime,

When deep sleep fell on men, and the world wore

The starry darkness round her like a girdle

Spangled with gems—the monk made his blood curdle.

## CXIV.

A noise like to wet fingers drawn on glass, (8)  
Which sets the teeth on edge; and a slight clatter  
Like showers which on the midnight gusts will pass,  
Sounding like very supernatural water,  
Came over Juan's ear, which throbbed, alas!  
For immaterialism's a serious matter;  
So that even those whose faith is the most great  
In souls immortal, shun them tête-à-tête.

## CXV.

Were his eyes open?—Yes! and his mouth too.  
Surprise has this effect—to make one dumb,  
Yet leave the gate which Eloquence slips through  
As wide as if a long speech were to come.  
Nigh and more nigh the awful echoes drew,  
Tremendous to a mortal tympanum:  
His eyes were open, and (as was before  
Stated) his mouth. What opened next?—the door

## CXVI.

It opened with a most infernal creak,  
Like that of Hell. “Lasciate ogni speranza  
Voi che entrate!” The hinge seemed to speak,  
Dreadful as Dante’s rhima, or this stanza;  
Or—but all words upon such themes are weak;  
A single shade’s sufficient to entrance a  
Hero—for what is substance to a Spirit?  
Or how is’t *matter* trembles to come near it?

## CXVII.

The door flew wide, not swiftly—but, as fly  
The sea-gulls, with a steady, sober flight—  
And then swung back; nor close—but stood awry,  
Half letting in long shadows on the light,  
Which still in Juan’s candlesticks burned high,  
For he had two, both tolerably bright,  
And in the door-way, darkening Darkness, stood  
The sable Friar in his solemn hood.

## CXVIII.

Don Juan shook, as erst he had been shaken  
The night before ; but being sick of shaking,  
He first inclined to think he had been mistaken,  
And then to be ashamed of such mistaking ;  
His own internal ghost began to awaken  
Within him, and to quell his corporal quaking—  
Hinting that soul and body on the whole  
Were odds against a disembodied soul.

## CXIX.

And then his dread grew wrath, and his wrath fierce ;  
And he arose, advanced—the shade retreated ;  
But Juan, eager now the truth to pierce,  
Followed, his veins no longer cold, but heated,  
Resolved to thrust the mystery carte and tierce,  
At whatsoever risk of being defeated :  
The ghost stopped, menaced, then retired, until  
He reached the ancient wall, then stood stone still.

## CXX.

Juan put forth one arm—Eternal Powers!

It touched no soul, nor body, but the wall,

On which the moonbeams fell in silvery showers

Checquered with all the tracery of the hall;

He shuddered, as no doubt the bravest cowers

When he can't tell what 'tis that doth appal.

How odd, a single hobgoblin's non-entity

Should cause more fear than a whole host's identity! (9)

## CXXI.

But still the shade remained; the blue eyes glared,

And rather variably for stony death;

Yet one thing rather good the grave had spared,

The ghost had a remarkably sweet breath.

A straggling curl showed he had been fair-haired;

A red lip, with two rows of pearls beneath,

Gleamed forth, as through the casement's ivy shroud

The moon peeped, just escaped from a grey cloud.



## CXXII.

And Juan, puzzled, but still curious, thrust  
His other arm forth—Wonder upon wonder!  
It pressed upon a hard but glowing bust,  
Which beat as if there was a warm heart under.  
He found, as people on most trials must,  
That he had made at first a silly blunder,  
And that in his confusion he had caught  
Only the wall, instead of what he sought.

## CXXIII.

The ghost, if ghost it were, seemed a sweet soul  
As ever lurked beneath a holy hood :  
A dimpled chin, a neck of ivory, stole  
Forth into something much like flesh and blood ;  
Back fell the sable frock and dreary cowl,  
And they revealed—alas ! that ere they should !  
In full, voluptuous, but *not o'ergrown* bulk,  
The phantom of her frolic Grace—Fitz-Fulke !

[The errors of the press, in this Canto,—if there be any,—  
are not to be attributed to the Author, as he was deprived of  
the opportunity of correcting the proof sheets.]

## NOTES TO CANTO XVI.

---

Note 1, page 66, stanza x.

*If from a shell-fish or from cochineal.*

The composition of the old Tyrian purple, whether from a shell-fish or from cochineal, or from kermes, is still an article of dispute; and even its colour—some say purple, others scarlet: I say nothing.

Note 2, page 85, stanza xliii.

*For a spoilt carpet—but the “Attic Bee”  
Was much consoled by his own repartee.*

I think that it *was* a *carpet* on which Diogenes trod, with—“Thus I trample on the pride of Plato!”—“With greater pride,” as the other replied. But as *carpets* are *meant* to be trodden upon, my memory probably misgives me, and it might be a robe, or tapestry, or a table-cloth, or some other expensive and uncynical piece of furniture.

Note 3, page 86, stanza xlv.

*With “Tu mi chamas’s” from Portingale,  
To soothe our ears, lest Italy should fail.*

I remember that the mayoress of a provincial town, somewhat surfeited with a similar display from foreign parts, did

rather indecorously break through the applauses of an intelligent audience—intelligent, I mean, as to music,—for the words, besides being in recondite languages (it was some years before the peace, ere all the world had travelled, and while I was a collegian)—were sorely disguised by the performers;—this mayoress, I say, broke out with, “Rot your Italianos! for my part, I loves a simple ballat!” Rossini will go a good way to bring most people to the same opinion, some day. Who would imagine that he was to be the successor of Mozart? However, I state this with diffidence, as a liege and loyal admirer of Italian music in general, and of much of Rossini’s: but we may say, as the connoisseur did of painting, in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, “that the picture would be better painted if the painter had taken more pains.”

Note 4, page 93, stanza lix.

*For Gothic daring shown in English money.*

“Ausu Romano, ære bēneto” is the inscription (and well inscribed in this instance) on the sea walls between the Adriatic and Venice. The walls were a republican work of the Venetians; the inscription, I believe, Imperial; and inscribed by Napoleon the *First*. It is time to continue to him that title—there will be a second by and by, “*Spes altera mundi*,” if he live; let him not defeat it like his father. But in any case he will be preferable to the Imbeciles. There is a glorious field for him, if he know how to cultivate it.

Note 5, page 94, stanza lx.

“*Untying*” *squires* “*to fight against the churches.*”

“Though ye *untie* the winds and bid them fight  
Against the *churches.*”—MACBETH.

Note 6, page 112, stanza xcvii.

*They err—'tis merely what is called mobility.*

In French, "mobilité." I am not sure that mobility is English, but it is expressive of a quality which rather belongs to other climates, though it is sometimes seen to a great extent in our own. It may be defined as an excessive susceptibility of immediate impressions—at the same time without *losing* the past; and is, though sometimes apparently useful to the possessor, a most painful and unhappy attribute.

Note 7, page 115, stanza cii.

*Drapèried her form with curious felicity.*

"Curiosa felicitas."—PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Note 8, page 121, stanza cxiv.

*A noise like to wet fingers drawn on glass.*

See the account of the Ghost of the Uncle of Prince Charles of Saxony raised by Schroepfer—"Karl—Karl—was—walt wolt mich?"

Note 9, page 124, stanza cxx.

*How odd, a single hobgoblin's non-entity  
Should cause more fear than a whole host's identity!*

"Shadows to-night

"Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,

"Than can the *Substance* of ten thousand soldiers," &c.

See *Richard III.*

LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. H. REYNELL, BROAD STREET, GOLDEN SQUARE.

#### ERRATUM.

The reader is requested to correct with his pen an error of the press in note 4, to Canto XVI. where, in the first line, "ære *beneto*" is printed instead of "ære *Veneto*."





Apparently lists & contents IX-XVI (3 vols)  
errata slip at end not noted  
by Wise

2<sup>d</sup> ads not present

